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OBITUARY.

THOMAS CRAWFORD.—The fatal termination of Mr. Crawford's disease, which had been so long foreseen, did not surprise his friends when the news of the event reached this country. Mr. Crawford died on the 10th of October, in London, of a cancer behind the eye, the progress of which affection our readers are familiar with. Mr. Crawford was born in New York, March 22d, 1814, and was forty-three years of age at the time of his death. In early boyhood he was threatened with a mercantile life, but manifesting a stronger love for Art than for business, he was placed with Messrs. Frazee and Launitz, sculptors, who were about the only representatives of the profession of the sculptor in this city at that day. From their studio he is said to have passed to that of Thorwaldsen, in Rome, in which city he has since steadily pursued his professional career. He went to Rome at about the age of twenty-one years, in 1835, from which period to the time when the disease which terminated his life obliged him to leave it for medical advice, an interval of twenty-one years, Mr. Crawford has been a resident of Rome, scarcely leaving it, except for an occasional visit to his native land.

While thus devoted to his profession, Mr. Crawford has produced works that show an unusual variety of sculptural effort, a list of which embraces several prominent portrait and ideal busts, a large number of bas-reliefs, and many single statues, together with the most important monumental works the country has seen. A list of Mr. Crawford's works presents a range of subject and an opportunity for the display of an artist's genius that is as yet unparalleled in our history of Art. We are unable at present to furnish a reliable statement of the various subjects treated by Mr. Crawford; we can only allude to those we are familiar with, that seem to be the concentrated expression of his genius. Of his early works, the statue of Orpheus, now in the Boston Athenæum, is the most conspicuous. As this statue, however, embodies more of a pupil's admiration of classic Art, than a master's devotion to nature and originality, and however meritorious, can only stand as the fruit of successful copyism, we turn from the dead fancies of mythology to find his true genius in those creations upon which his fame will rest, such as the figures that embody national character and ideas, in the Richmond monument, and in the numerous statues designed for the Capitol-extension. These are distinctively original works, typical of the present, and they are of positive historic ideal significance. In the pediment-group for the Capitol, and in the bronze doors, we especially find the concrete expression of Mr. Crawford's artistic power, in the "Mechanic," the "Back-woodsman," the "Scholar," and the "Soldier." These figures reveal artistic mastery of subject, and come before us true, healthy inspirations of the sculptor's spirit. And so with the fine, animated statue of Patrick Henry, for the Richmond Monument. Mr. Crawford seems to have felt great sympathy for the manly energy of such a character, and to have breathed the breath of his own vigorous nature into the stone he fashioned. Perhaps the most impressive of his statues (if we can judge by a photograph) is a figure modelled for the pinnacle of the Capitol-dome, which is to be cast in bronze, and called the "Genius of America." For originality and a higher imaginative treatment, this statue, we think, is unsurpassed by any of his works; its effective grandeur reveals the elements of a higher ideal perception; we fancy we see in it an expansion of feeling, the growth of which

has been stimulated by increasing powers, a finer opportunity and a nobler subject.

We do not aim to do justice to Mr. Crawford's genius in the mere glance at impressions produced by his works suggested by his melancholy fate; suffice it to say, that in his death the corps of artists has lost one of its ablest members, and the country one of its most valuable artistic historians. In private life Mr. Crawford was a beloved husband and father, and a warm and true friend. He was active, energetic, and unusually faithful to his profession, and deeply interested in its general development. In his conversation, while on his late visit to this country, he showed a full consciousness of the great professional advantages he enjoyed; this was apparent in the manner in which he spoke of the real value of his early study and productions, all of which he merely considered as the alphabet of practice to enable him to produce the national monuments which the age called for, and which he considered to be the most advantageous for an artist's fame. Mr. Crawford is removed in the midst of a brilliant career, and in the full maturity of his powers. How painful and how sad his fate is, can be best appreciated by those who can understand the nature of his position, and are able to enjoy the beautiful sight presented by a noble ambition in full play, unfettered by any ills of worldly circumstance.

BOOK NOTICES.

MRS. JAMESON AGAIN.*—We read everything of Mrs. Jameson's with the satisfaction of knowing it is the production of an eminently *truthful* mind. Her criticisms in Art have pleased us because of their unspoliated natural outpourings. She is decidedly an appreciator, necessarily with her kindly nature, and when she looks at a thing, she does not discover its faults till after its beauties are made known to her. The work before us dates some years back, but there is in it the same tokens of character and mind. A poet's love with her has another side than that of use to the satirists, and a better commentary on the passion we know not than this charming book.

GLIMPSES OF NINEVEH,† is a series of letters supposed to be interchanged between a resident of Nineveh and a friend in Babylon, B.C. 690, in which the author sets forth the domestic and public life of a government functionary in the days of Sennacherib. The characteristics of these two great cities of antiquity are pleasantly set forth. The book contains many excellent passages descriptive of character and of the peculiar monumental features that invest Assyrian antiquity with so much interest.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.‡—This new magazine, beautifully printed, and gotten up in excellent style, contains the wisdom and humor of some of the best of New England's literary men. One of its chief aims will be a department of Art, embracing "the whole domain of æsthetics," in which every phase of Art is to be treated of. Painting leads off in the present number (November), under the flag of "The Manchester Exhibition." The article is written in an appreciative spirit, concluding with a thoughtful consideration of Pre-Raphaelitism. We can do no more at present than wish the *Atlantic Monthly* every success, and state that we cordially welcome its promises in relation to Art.

* "Memoirs of Loves of the Poets." By Mrs. Jameson. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1857. *Blue and gold.*

† "Glimpses of Nineveh." Miller and Curtis. New York: 1857.

‡ "The Atlantic Monthly." Phillips, Sampson & Co. Boston: 1857.